

D. F. WRIGHT, M. D., Editor.

CLARKSVILLE, AUG. 17, 1878.

TERMS: \$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

MR. HEWITT'S COMMITTEE.

Besides the Potter Committee, of whose doings our readers have most likely heard enough, another committee of Congress has been sitting during the present vacation whose transactions are well worthy of something more than a passing glance. Mr. Hewitt, towards the close of the session, moved the appointment of a committee to investigate the condition of the working classes, the causes of their present discontents, and their views and wishes as regards the remedial legislation demanded. Whether any party motive entered into the appointment of this committee is a question which may be disregarded, since, whatever the motives of its appointment, it has certainly elicited valuable information as to the thoughts and wishes of a large number of men whose thoughts, however crude, and whose wishes, however unreasonable, cannot fail to exercise some influence on the course of political events. In a country where universal suffrage prevails, neither the statesman nor the politician can afford to disregard the views and feelings of any class. Crude enough, unreasonable enough, self-contradictory enough in all conscience are the dicta of the workmen and their leaders as laid down before Mr. Hewitt's committee, and we are led to the conclusion that many of the men are not workmen at all, but men who want to men's work. Still, we are disposed to resist all temptations to a cynical treatment of the matter, for the writer can see the wisdom of dealing with it, and to derive whatever instruction we may from analyzing the mass of vague discussion and eager declamation which makes the staple of the reports from the workmen's committee.

There is nothing that these men are agreed upon except that the present state of things is all wrong. They are not only at variance with one another, but most of them with themselves. Most of them put forward in consecutive sentences ideas contradictory of one another; for instance, one man wants to abridge the power of Congress, but he also wants to abolish the State Government, which would enormously increase the power of Congress, and almost next to him we have one who wants Government to be the only employer of labor and distributor of its profits. (No wonder that Ben. Butler is a friend to the labor lawyer; fancy what pickings for a shrewd politician accustomed to handling public funds with pitch on his fingers.) Almost all of them justly contends that a prohibitory tariff is the very thing which has placed them where they are. Almost all are in favor of an eight-hour law with wages calculated on a ten-hour basis. One, and one only, sees that this would be to make the products of their labor dearer and therefore less marketable than now. More than one demands that all wages shall be equal, for skilled and unskilled labor, for lawyers and doctors, judges and Congressmen, failing to see that under such arrangements there would be no skilled labor, and that thus the products of the unskilled would not only be dearer but less valuable, and therefore still more unmarketable. One man who scorns half measures wants the Government to loan several hundred millions to the workmen, and especially thinks it reasonable that he should be enabled to borrow \$5,000 to build him a house. A member of the committee teased this man where he thought the Government was to get the money to do all this with, and he answered with surprise at the question, "Pray it," this, alas, is the delusion that all of them hold, that Government can create any desired amount of money by printing it. Even so our neighbor of the Tobacco Leaf thinks that the State debt may be paid by printing enough money to pay it with. And instead of frankly showing them where their real grievance lies, and its remedy, the demagogues of both parties are each their own worst enemy, by forever harping on this which is not their own, and greenbacks only left there be enough of them for the remedy for all evils.

One man (his name is Kemp) affirmed that the tariff was the main cause of the present depression of business, that curtailing the hours of labor while wages are increased would aggravate the evil by increasing the cost of production and so disabling American manufactures in their competition with those of other nations; in short, he took a common sense view of matters and was hissed and howled at by other witnesses who crowded the room. He was right, his counsel was wise, but it was not what his comrades had been in the habit of hearing from the demagogues who rule them. The truth is that the cause of the present depression lies in a nutshell. A prohibitory tariff by excluding foreign competition produced high prices; this caused capital to be invested in manufactures; then immigration of laborers from Europe in large numbers, and manufactures increased at the expense of the agricultural population till the home market was supplied. Here consumption was bound to stop, unless exportation could promote it, which was virtually excluded by the operation of our prohibitory tariff, for those of whom we do not buy will not buy of us. So consumption stopped, but production did not stop at the same time, where was the market for the manufactures, more horrid of manufacturing laborers thronged our ports from Europe, and soon an unsalable stock of goods accumulated in our warehouses. Some sales were made below cost and quoted as proof that tariffs do not make goods dear, but large quantities remain on hand, operations stop, capital is withdrawn, manufactures become bondholders, operatives strike and then become communists, socialists, tramps, and men who should advise them by crying "greenbacks, greenbacks." Tell them the truth; tell them that Government cannot make money by printing it; that the only thing which can make it work, with a free open market for the disposal of its products.

Alas! votes are not to be had by telling the truth, and men will go on lying and electing and tinkering at the currency, when the material for a reviving prosperity is all round us, if we would but let it free by removing the imports which suffocate our trade.

EDITORS CHRONICLE: Would it be out of place at this state of party feeling to say a word or two upon a subject that has for several years past created more discord in the ranks of the Democratic party, in this county, as well as in many other counties, than almost any other one question that has been discussed among the hard-working, honest members of that party. Now the matter referred to is this one of Cause Conventions, and while it is readily admitted that they are a great convenience in the nominating and electing of party candidates—indeed, they may be said to be an essential feature in the successful management of any political party—they are still liable to abuses, and as their actions are nearly always shaped by a few of the most prominent men in the party, it is the easiest matter in the world for them to make the conventions subservient to their wishes. In every year past, and it is entirely too often the case that they do not hesitate to do so. Still, the modest members of the party, men who do the straight voting and aspire to no place, do not grumble much at this when it is done openly and above board. They cannot but feel a little sensitive under the positive rule of a few who boldly and unblushingly take the bit in their teeth and go their own way, but when they find these men manipulating the conventions, having this or that action referred to as having been had by it, when in fact the convention was entirely ignorant of any such proceeding, and it was only to gratify their personal preferences, or further their own ambitious aims, then do they become discontented and distrustful, they lose faith in their leaders, and grow disgusted with the sham of conventions.

It cannot be denied that this has been a great source of discontent, and has caused more disaffection among the non-office-seeking element of the party than any other trouble the party has had to contend with. The masses of the people are rapidly losing all interest in these conventions, and as it is in the masses that the strength of the party lies, does it not behoove all those who oppose this party domination by the few to unite and see that conventions shall be conducted fairly and squarely, and to warn those who allow their own selfish purposes to get the upper hand of them, that they are daily losing votes from the party.

It is not necessary that a few would-be leaders should confab together and have much secrecy in all they do, as if they were trying to hide their actions from the rest of the members, and endeavoring to get some advantage over them; and yet this is done almost without exception in every convention that is held in this county. Why cannot the body understand what is going on? It would take a lively interest, it is fully capable of understanding any legitimate plan for the promotion of the good of the party, and everything should be clear and free from any suspicion of trickery. There is never a convention held but the party loses strength by just such chicanery. Yes, this may reflect a little upon the convention just held; some tricks are small in themselves, but you know how a stone is worn away by a drop of water continually falling; and it does seem that some men will persist in their maneuvering and wire pulling even though they are damaging the party they profess to serve. Now, there is a remedy for this, an easy and efficient remedy. It is simply for every man who values his own self-respect to lend no assistance whatever to any measure, however small, that any politician chooses to add *sub rosa*, or to palm off as the action of a convention, when he knows it is only for his own or his friend's individual advancement. Of course no one can do anything in this matter by himself, but you Democrats, you men who are the bone and sinew of the party, you can manage it with perfect ease by simply naming an effort.

[We have inserted the above communication of C. W. without much restriction, while we do much to sustain the Democratic organization in this county, while we perceive as plainly as anyone that the Democratic party cannot be efficient without organization and discipline, we have unwillingly been brought to the conclusion that there is much in what C. W. says which is well grounded, and that serious dissatisfaction, we may say disaffection, exists in the party in consequence of it. The matter complained of is a want of frankness in the doings of the party managers in this place, and we warn our friends that they will alienate good men from the party unless they abandon their reserve and meet the extra official members of the party as if they too had an interest in its proceedings. Of one thing we are sure: C. W. is not a sore-head, he is not a disorganizer, nor a low tax man, but as earnest a Democrat and as intelligent a man as any of the party managers of whom we are speaking. He is not the sort of man whom the party can afford to alienate, and the party is alienating many such. If we were less interested in the success of the party than we are, if we had less personal regard for the men with whom we are expostulating, we might speak less plainly; but as it is, we should be a disloyal Democrat and a false friend if we withheld what we have said.]

ED. CHRONICLE.]

## FROM NEW PROVIDENCE.

August in heated splendor draws up in rank with the month which comes so swiftly to make 1878 but a shadow of the past. By some strange freak of fancy I have always loved the month although it invariably brings with it heat, and an abundance of sickness. It always seemed to me a season designed for rest, from which all toil and care should be banished and only "a little more folding of the hands" be observed. It always comes in gala dress; great sweeps of dazzling sunshine over slopes of yellow grasses grown ripe and lush under summer's bright wing. The perfection of foliage and softest zephyrs to whisper within it. The immortal Turner surely studied the grace of August foliage, brought into relief against the dim blue of an August sky, ere he painted those pictures before which we have stood enraptured and deceived ourselves that the leaves moved and rustled, and a soft wind from the branches came and fanned their cheeks. How ardently he must have loved nature, and how ample the reward. This love of nature always draws us nearer the beautiful and good. It is a grand, free refiner, existing everywhere to fill and satisfy the yearning desire of passionate souls. He who lives in full communion with nature is the only one whose life does not grow stale and weary. Turner felt this need, and nestled to the bosom of nature with simple childish love, and his reward was ample. Ample in being given the power to reproduce credibly her beautiful forms, and with this success securing the admiration of the pre-eminent gifted Ruskin. One word of his praise were worth a lifetime of labor, and Turner received the flattering tribute of volumes. August seems a sweet perfection of budding April, flowering May, and transcendent June. The ripening of summer's charms and the abundant harvest of golden days.

"Think and pink arching over  
Meadow slopes thick set with clover,  
And purple poppies, and  
Oh! the perfect summer weather!"

Save the richness of its gifts it has brought little to our village, which lies still and drowsy in all of its Arcadian beauty. This place is of too vast extension to be termed country, and contains too few sedate walks to be classed city, so we are about in immensely nameless. Out of the incipient genius of this broad land is there no fertile spot from which to dub us? We challenge the world's talent to the grim conflict from which all have retired worn, wasted and defeated. To fit an appellation on the rugged brow of this *ramo-ante* place, were no easy task. Myself as one of its devoted daughters labored long on the work I considered so commendable, but with no success. Some tender names I essayed to assign to the place, but they were all rejected. I then gave an wish air to their venerable faces along which time's waves have ploughed deep furrows. *Entre nous*, no name seems sweet and good enough for this home of my childhood, yet whatever may be said of this place its most ardent admirers cannot claim for it excess of excitement. To gather in one gracious cluster the fine features of this place were not an arduous undertaking. First, paramount to all, quietude, joined hand in hand to the incipient genius of this broad land is there no fertile spot from which to dub us? We challenge the world's talent to the grim conflict from which all have retired worn, wasted and defeated. To fit an appellation on the rugged brow of this *ramo-ante* place, were no easy task. Myself as one of its devoted daughters labored long on the work I considered so commendable, but with no success. Some tender names I essayed to assign to the place, but they were all rejected. 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